c e n t i p e d e

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Yesterday was a tie in the line
For me, the moment of incertitude was numbing

100 pressure points collaborate
Take my senses, they irregulate

(They come in numbers)

All our fears of digits stay unknown
Severe problems in the nervous zone

Today we feel quite unusual
And yes, the message crawls all around our bodies

100 turnarounds in every day
Missing properties will lead the way

(They come in numbers)

Further and further 'till we can't take more
Repressed memories tell what it's for

Once-in-a-lifetime chances happen all the time for me
It's uncertain, I believe a mystery

Cancel the program someone wasn't ready for the scene
Absurdity!

Cry out as they crawl
All around inside your ears and

Now look me in the eye and see the real me
The arms of paranoia appeal to me
And every touch my nerves would feel adulterated me
The movement of 100 as far as the eye can see
And now I've dealt with the pain done to me
The swarms of insects make it difficult for me
And irritating consequences twist reality
100 x 100 makes the crooked side of me

Logic may appear, something dark in here
In the midst of things

Ah, I don't want this ending
More seem to appear, the time it takes

Deterrent abnormality
I don't want this ending

Multiply the number of trepidation
Something's caught in my throat

It seems like 100 centipedes are breaking in
Pressing anxiety, we feel again

Outside the box, all the ruckus makes me wanna hurl
Understandable, I perceive a miracle

Count on the fingers, 1-2-3 will never be enough
Absurdity!

Now they cover everything

Now look me in the eye and see the real me
My body wavers now that insects cover me
And every time I try to move, they're paralyzing me
The movement of 100 as far as the eye can see
And this time something that's unreal bothers me
The swarms of arthropods make it hard for me
Irrational yet fascinating twists reality
100 x 100 makes the crooked side of me

They come in numbers
They come in numbers

Now look me in the eye and see the real me
Connecting with what's happening is overwhelming me
The copious amounts of detestation in me
100 arms are prying at the private sides of me
And now I've dealt with all the pain done to me
The swarms of insects make it difficult for me
And irritating consequences twist reality
100 x 100 makes the crooked side of me

I, the centipede